All about the "Alien Peers," page 1882.

Modern Life

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EYES RIGHT!

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

Pulling the Nation's Leg: Mr. Swift McNeill and the so-called "Alien Peers"

Don't believe a word about the stories of "alien peers" which you see in the papers. The phrase "Alien Peers" sounds very alarming, and from it you might suppose that poor old England has got her enemies even upon the crimson benches of the House of Lords. The headline "Alien Peers" is not mine. It is the *Daily Telegraph's*. It does not refer, even, to the Archbishop of York, who has a seat in the Lords, and has such "sacred" memories of the Kaiser. Nor need Lord Lonsdale, the one-time unofficial ambassador of the Kaiser in England, be suspected. Nor even Lord Haldane, who in days of yore was wont to wring his hands at the idea that the peace-loving, docile, tender-hearted All Highest could desire to be at war with little England. Nor does the "Alien Peer" scare refer to such un-English nobles as Lord Taafe, who is totally unknown in this country, although a peer of the realm, the twelfth Irish viscount of his line, and Baron of Ballymote.

* * *

Genealogical M.P. Looking Rather Silly.

No, the so-called "Alien Peers" are two gentlemen of the Blood Royal, whom it has pleased Mr. Swift McNeill to hold up to public opprobrium in the British House of Commons. Whereby it seems to us Mr. Swift McNeill has made himself look rather silly. For the two noble princes thus held up to ineffective scorn have never sat in the House of Lords in their lives, and are never likely to—war or no war. The two so-called "Alien Peers" referred to are the Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The former is the only son of the last King of Hanover, and is the father of Prince Ernest of Brunswick, who married the Kaiser's only daughter. The other "Alien Peer" is the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

* * *

English Prince who is an absolute Stranger in Britain.

The Duke of Cumberland was born in Hanover on September 21, 1845, and would to-day have been King of Hanover had not the Kaiser's grandfather incorporated Hanover with Prussia after the Austro-Prussian war of 1866. The Duke of Cumberland married old King Christian of Denmark's daughter, Thyra, and when her sister Alexandra married the Prince of Wales (King Edward), the heir of Hanover came over to London for the wedding at Westminster Abbey, and has never since set foot in this country. He has never sat in the House of Lords, and never will, notwithstanding that he is the only representative in the direct male line of all our dead and gone English and Scottish kings, save, of course, his son, the Duke of Brunswick, and *his* son by the Kaiser's daughter.

* * *

Swore no Allegiance to England.

The other "Alien Peer," the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, according to Mr. Swift McNeill's statement to the Commons, "succeeded at his birth as a posthumous child to his United Kingdom titles and peerages held by his father (the late Duke of Albany), who swore allegiance and sat as a peer of the United Kingdom in the House of Lords by hereditary right," etc., etc. If this is meant to imply that the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha ever sat in the British House of Lords, then Mr. Swift McNeill misleads the country. The Duke never swore any allegiance to England, and never sat in the Lords in his life. He was taken from Eton to be ruler in Coburg when he was 16, and ever since his allegiance has been to the country which he rules—in just the same way as the Kaiser himself, though the eldest son of the Princess Royal of England, owes his allegiance only to Germany, and is debarred from reigning over England by his mother's resignation of all rights to the British crown when she married the Kaiser's father, then Crown Prince of Germany.

* * *

Cumberlands, Coburgers, and the British Crown.

Mr. Swift McNeill is a sound and untiring student of genealogical and dynastic matters, but this time he has simply wasted the time of his Majesty's Commons, and "played to the gallery," for nothing that he says can deprive the Cumberlands and Coburgers of their rights of succession to the British crown after the failure of their blood relations at home, should that unhappy event ever happen. Mr. Swift McNeill wanted to know if these two princes had been guilty of high treason in fighting on the Kaiser's side; he was politely informed that what ought to take place in regard to these gentlemen's British titles will be considered after the war. So the "Alien Peer" scare need alarm nobody.

* * *

"High Treason" beneath an English Mitre.

The Dukes of Cumberland and Coburg may be left alone as very harmless persons. The real "alien peer," in my humble opinion, is the Archbishop of York. As one who knew him in his Oxford days, and always regarded him as a mitred carpet-bagger, and a licker up of the crumbs from the Royal table, I think the Archbishop thoroughly deserving of the contempt of all his fellow-countrymen. He says he protests against the "gross and vulgar" way in which the Kaiser is treated by the English cartoonists, and that he has a "personal memory of the Emperor which is very sacred to him." The blithering crackpot! We hope Convocation will take note of the "sacredness" which the Archbishop attaches to his meeting with the All Highest.

* * *

Nothing Sacred about the Kaiser to Winston.

I don't mind telling you that another Englishman—and a darned sight cleverer Englishman than Cosmo Lang—told a friend of mine when he returned from Germany after seeing the Kaiser's troops in all their war-paint at Potsdam, as the guest of his Majesty, that Kaiser Bill is "the biggest swankpot in Europe." The man who said that was no other than Winston Churchill. Winston, with all his faults, never talked such unctuous rot about his meetings with the Kaiser as does Cosmo Lang, the young Scot who reigns at York Minster.

* * *

Lord Lonsdale transfers his "Allegiance."

Mention of Lord Lonsdale reminds me that though he was once a very keen admirer of the Kaiser he has now found him out in his true colours, and in consequence has transferred his active partiality to good King Albert. I hear that the Queen of the Belgians, who is now in London with Queen Alexandra, is shortly to pay Lord Lonsdale a visit at Barleythorpe Hall, where Lord Lonsdale is taking care of the Belgian King's state coach, carriages, and stud of horses. Barleythorpe is near Oak-

ham, and Lord Lonsdale is very fond of this rural residence, preferring it in general to his fine estate at Lowther Castle.

* * *

The Last of the Georgians.

War has its ironies for the Royalties, and no mistake. Lifelong friendships are disrupted, and blood relations who have never known an angry word. are placed dead up against each other. There is the old Dowager Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. She is ninety-three, and is the oldest British Princess. It is over seventy years since she married the ruler of Neu-Strelitz in Westminster Abbey, and a thorough good wife she made him. But she never ceased to love her own country best, and for the first ninety years of her life she rarely missed coming over to London, and spending a few weeks or months at the house she always maintained in Buckingham Gate.

* * *

British Government's Rude Treatment of Geo. III.'s Granddaughter.

Queen Mary was always very devoted to her aged aunt. (The Dowager Duchess is the oldest surviving member of the Cambridge family, and her sister, who married the Duke of Teck, became the mother of our Queen that is.) Two years ago Queen Mary went over to Neu-Strelitz to see her aunt, and took Princess Mary for her first trip to Germany. The Dowager Duchess had then got too old to travel, and England will see her no more. And as she never loved the Kaiser or the Hohenzollerns, it does seem a little hard that the British Government have rudely cut off the pension which has always been paid to the Dowager as a Princess of Great Britain and Ireland. Not that the Dowager will mind the loss of the pension, for the Strelitz family are "rolling in money," and the Dowager has already had from us £250,000, since she went to Germany. But it's the "nastiness" of it that will hurt the poor old Dowager. She never really deserved this sort of treatment, but war's exigencies are regardless of old-time attachments.

* * *

Humours of the Recruiting Question.

"Recruiting" is, of course, the topic of the hour. But the joke of it—if there is a joke in it—is that most of the talking comes from bearded sycophants like G. B. Shaw, Keir Hardie, Hall Caine, Sir Oliver Lodge, and other experts on military subjects! Amongst the pert commentators upon the recruiting campaign who has put pen to paper is Mr. Stanley Weyman, the clever novelist who abruptly announced that he would "never write another book" a few years ago. Mr. Weyman has been giving us his ideas as to the alleged failure of recruiting. It amounts to the fact that his rural neighbours do not see the *necessity* of enlisting, and, to put it in a nutshell, they say, "War be no concarn of ours!" That being so, one is compelled to ask, Where on earth has Mr. Weyman been ruminating to find Englishmen who do not think the war any concarn o' theirs? Mr. Weyman does not tell us this, and you are left to guess.

* * *

How the War is regarded in the Welsh Fastnesses.

And you would probably guess right. Mr. Weyman's retirement is spent at that busy hive of apple gathering

(Dormouse — about to take a six months nap) "Well, anyhow I shant cost the society much."
TO ARMS
YOUR KING AND COUNTRY NEED YOU
MEN WANTED FOR THE FIGHTING LINE
The elephant makes an ideal site for recruiting posters
An irresistible appeal.
NATIONAL RELIEF FUND
"P'raps they'll let me 'find' myself."
"Who says we're 'Short-handed'?"
H. B. Bright-Well.

It is rumoured that the Zoo is suffering—amongst other slight temporary inconveniences—from a reduction of its staff. But with so versatile a collection of guests this will doubtless cause only temporary embarrassment.

called Plas Llanrhydd, which is Ruthin way. So you see that recruiting is largely a matter of locality and convenience. And, if any proof of this was wanted, we got it in the *Daily Mail* the next morning from another bearded litterateur—no less than Sir Gilbert Parker—whose fulmination against professional football includes the interesting fact that at the very beginning of the war last August all competitive football was at once closed down in his neighbourhood, Kent being thus the first county to take action against the game during the war.

* * *

Prompt Decision of the Men of Kent.

The reason for that is as plain as daylight. Kent is the county that *does* realise the war. Kent has no sort of doubt about it. With a hundred and fifty miles of coast contiguous to the Continent, the men of Kent don't have to "work it out" whether the war is any concarn o' theirs. All of which only shows that Englishmen and Welshmen shouldn't be allowed to wait till they have "worked it out" and decided that it is their business.

* * *

The "Fine Flower of English Chivalry."

In spite of the winter lull in the fighting on the Belgian coast, sorrow spreads over Old England, as the news of the death of so many gallant young British officers comes in. The Cecils are again in mourning; so are the Abercorn clan, and some of our "fine flower of English chivalry" seem like to be wiped out. Only a fortnight ago I was instancing the falling of the Annesley family, who were already reduced to a condition of "only sons" all round. Now Viscount Valentia, the head of the family, has lost his eldest son, the Hon. Arthur Annesley, who died fighting bravely in battle on the 26th. Lord Valentia's remaining son therefore ranks himself amongst the only sons in this unlucky family. He is a subaltern in the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, which to this day boasts that it "won the Battle of Waterloo," being the regiment which was brought up to put the cap upon Britain's glory in the vanquishment of Napoleon.

* * *

Oxford Yeomen Sandwiched between two crack Cavalry Regiments.

Which reminds me that in war it is almost rare that the credit for stirring feats goes to the right man. Of the British auxiliary forces which have been allowed to participate in the war, the corps that has covered itself with the greatest glory is the splendid yeoman body known as the "Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars." Probably in the history of the British arms no higher test has ever been given to an auxiliary regiment than was set the famous Q.O.O.H. when General de Lisle, the commander of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, sandwiched the Yeomen of Oxfordshire between two of the smartest cavalry regiments of the British Army, the 9th Lancers and the 4th Dragoons.

* * *

General who didn't like Raw Troops Under Him.

And when the melee came, how did the Q.O.O.H. comport themselves? Let it be remembered that they were not run up suddenly to the fighting line from Paris in comfortable London motor 'buses, like the London Scottish, but had been in the trenches roughing it with the Tommies before they got their chance of their first "go" at the waiters! And how did the Oxfordshire Yeomen pan out when shoved right in the van of what has been said to be the "worst battle since Mons"? For four days and nights they never had a wink, the German shrapnel and shells bursting over them all the time. After the fight General de Lisle paid a visit to Colonel Dugdale to thank him for the gallantry of the Q.O.O.H. He said he was not always pleased to have raw troops in his division, but that he was delighted he had had the Oxfordshire men.

Nurse: "If you don't leave off crying, I'll never bring you to the dentist's again."

She: "But why are you not in khaki? I thought you had enlisted."
He: "Well, I did try, but they said there were no vacancies in the Intelligence Department."

Ought the Tavistock Wedding to have Happened?

The Duke and Duchess of Bedford did n of course, attend their son's wedding to Miss Whitw .., of Oxford. I hear that the marriage has been a g: at shock to the Duke, not so much on account of the Lady as on account of the wedding, which some think ought not to have taken place at all. The Marquess of Tavistock is the only child the Duke and Duchess ever had, and he has always been carefully looked after, and rarely left to himself. The late Duke of Bedford shot himself, and an hereditary trouble in the Russell family accounts for the fact of Lord Tavistock's being unknown to general society. Until lately his fond mother seldom left him. They always took him to Scotland with them when they went a-fishing in the autumn, and Lord Tavistock's appearance upon a racecourse or at a ball is unknown.

* * *

Why the Marquess Married the Lady.

Nevertheless the Marquess has married the girl who will devote her life to him, and from his point of view that is everything. Lord Tavistock was in the Middlesex Territorials for a short time, but military life didn't suit him. It was the Duke's ambition that he should follow a military career. The Duke himself fought in our wars in Egypt, and he has always been the champion of the Army in the Lords. Lord Tavistock was at one time at Balliol College, Oxford, and it was in his fresher days that his romance with Miss Whitwell began.

In lieu of his fond but indignant parents, Lord Kinnaird's daughters took the happy young couple under their wing, and the Hon. Mrs. Orlando Jones, Lord Kinnaird's aunt, received them at her house in Duke Street for the wedding breakfast. There was no music at the marriage ceremony. The young couple, I learn, are not expected at Woburn Abbey! Lord Tavistock, determined to "do his bit" to the best of his ability, has gallantly neglected the ordinary honeymoon obligations in order to "do his bit," and he is doing it amongst the Tommies at the White City at Shepherd's Bush, where he is immensely popular in consequence of his absolute lack of "side."

* * *

Exit the Khedive.

I hear that his Highness Abbas II. has left Egypt for ever. This will come as a big surprise to the thousands of people who have met the suave Viceroy in Egypt and in Europe. No sooner did the war break out than his Highness took advantage of the big Mohammedan festival, the Bairam, to leave for Constantinople, and though he was only supposed to have been absent for a week or two, he has never returned to Cairo, and in all probability never will. Whether his harem, including his Austrian countess, will follow him, remains to be seen. Abbas II. was always inclined to be troublesome if he saw a chance; hence he cannot complain if he is compelled to go into exile with his master, the Turkish Sultan. But Abbas will be missed in Cairo, where he was a picturesque and potent personality.

* *

Our Noble Jarndyce.

Old Lord Clanricarde, undisturbed by the World's Greatest Calamity, goes cheerily on his litigious way, content if the fight about his Portunna property lasts till he dies. It is well over forty years since his Lordship was last seen on his Irish property, so he cannot have much real interest in it or its tenantry, but, being a man of a reflective turn of mind, the pros and cons of the legal dispute keep him comfortably occupied.

And if you are close enough to him as he strolls in the park of a morning, you can get some very interesting sidelights about the matter from his Lordship's own lips. Lord Clanricarde is well over eighty now, but his mind is as keen as mustard, and he has managed to defeat the Congested Districts Board for years, and may do so for ever. The C.D.B., of course, want to take Lord Clanricarde's estates right away from him, on account of his ownership being alleged to be inimical to the tenants. They haven't succeeded in that yet, however, and the costs of the effort must have been thousands!

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

LONG LIVE THE PRINCE!

The fact that the Prince of Wales has "gone to the front" has not aroused any particular excitement among the populace, popular though his Royal Highness is, and devoted though the vast majority of the English people are to the throne and the Royal family. The truth is, that the populace are so well educated nowadays in military as well as in other matters that they are perfectly well aware of the fact that the Headquarters of a General Staff in the field are quite a comfortable way from the firing line, and that princes of the Royal blood, and especially the Heir Apparent, are not at all likely to be allowed to get themselves too much mixed up with such objectionable things as bullets and shells. We all remember the way in which the Duke of Connaught was made a fool of in the Egyptian War of thirty years ago by being kept in the background on the field of battle, to the infinite disgust of this really genuine soldier. Still, although the Prince of Wales, willing and gallant young soldier though he undoubtedly is, is not likely to return home with any of his arms or legs missing, it was quite a proper thing that he should be allowed to see a little of the real thing in soldiering, even at a respectable distance. And it is quite on the cards that he may, if he is of the Royal sort that "look for trouble," stumble across a stray bullet or two when the heads of the Headquarter Staff are turned the other way, and so return to England with a little of the real thing in glory after all.

However that may be, it is all for the good that the Prince has been allowed to go to the front, even in a limited capacity. And the unprecedented visit to the Headquarters Staff of the King himself has undoubtedly delighted both his people at home and the troops on the field, and will arouse such general enthusiasm among the peoples of the Empire as will never be forgotten. Royalty, in these democratic days, needs all the encouragement it can get, and it is quite right that it should get that encouragement, even at the expense of a little absolute truth and necessity. We are all realists nowadays, and this war looks like making us, until the reaction to romanticism arrives, more of realists than ever. All the more reason, therefore, that we should, by using our imaginative powers upon the spectacle of a Prince of Wales on the battlefield, give what instincts of chivalry and romance are left to us as big a chance as possible. If we forget our history we kill our present. And the present for England is of such terrible import that it is well for us to call to mind at such a time something of the meaning of our ancestry and our ancient kings, and of the monarchy of which—by very reason of its contrast to the despotic monarchy of our enemies—we are so justly proud.

To all Englishmen who take an interest in the history of their country, the study of the development of the monarchical ideal from the infancy of civilisation to the appearance of the present Prince of Wales on the battlefield must always be very fascinating. The theory promulgated by some, that the origin of social life was found in communities where all were equal, where one man was as good as another, cannot be sustained. An autocracy is the earliest form of the state known to us. The family was the germ of the earliest civil society, with the father as the head. The chieftain of a tribe is simply the fatherly idea extended in a natural manner. The king of a people is again but the continued growth of the idea which is at the foundation of all society. That is why I submit, democrat though I am, that a monarchy is a very natural sort of government for us, so long as it is a limited and sane sort of monarchy, and not a great Department of Butchery like the monarchy of Germany.

This is an age of democracy. The divine right of kings and their despotic power have gone for ever—except in Germany and such-like places. The events of the close of the eighteenth century transformed governments from the control of the few to the power of the people. The tendency of to-day is to go still further in the same direction, until we are, perhaps, in some danger of being ruled in the future by an aggregation of universal passions. But numbers, crowds, passions, are not all a government. Every social and historical element in a country should have its proper place and influence.

Which leads up to the question, Has monarchy a function to-day, or is it like Othello, its occupation gone? Is it a useful and perhaps necessary adjunct of our constitution, or is it but an antiquated obstacle to be swept away? I don't think it is an obstacle to our well-being and our progress, controlled as it is controlled in England, and not allowed to run to sheer insanity as it has run in Germany. I think that the sort of monarchy England has is, in the present stage of the evolution of the nations of the world, perhaps the best thing in governments it could have. The vast majority of men are not ruled by reason, and it is not necessary to affirm that a hereditary monarchy is the most logical of human concoctions. Men are swayed and governed by their sympathies and antipathies, their passions and prejudices and fancies. The words of Napoleon are as true to-day as ever they were: "You can govern man only through imagination; without imagination he is no better than a brute." The institutions and historical traditions of our country are embodied in a visible form in our King, and the chief achievement of England in history is to have realised the true ideal of modern monarchy, to have assigned to the throne its rightful place in modern democracy. The King reigns, but does not govern. That is true. Carlyle mocks at the hypothetical dignities of a king tied with constitutional straps, and bound hand and foot. But the answer to this is that our monarch has an infinite freedom for good, and little freedom for evil. It may be true that we have left to the King the pageantry and prestige of power, while taking away the substance. But the moderating control, and the enormous, though often hidden, influence which is his cannot be over-estimated. The greatest quality of man is prudence. This we have not taken away, and in the exercise of its power the King can make or unmake the happiness of his people, and develop or frustrate the progress of a nation. Monarchy, especially at such a time as the present, when half the world is at war, is a pledge of our national and Imperial stability and unity. And in thinking of a Prince of Wales once more upon our battlefields, we find, if we look through the pages of history, ample justification of our loyal passion—a pledge of our liberty in the past, and a promise of the triumphant victory that is being prepared for us—a binding tie

"That keeps our Britain whole within herself,
A nation yet, the ruler and the ruled."

JONATHAN GRUB STRETE.

"Eye-witness" states that the Germans are using a silent gun. But that is nothing to make a noise about.

* * *

The German mortars captured by the Allies recently have nothing to do with the concrete beds they have been putting down in Belgium.

* * *

Housebreaking is increasing in London, says the Commissioner of Police. That's the worst of these German complaints, they are so "taking."

* * *

"The situation on the Russian front is sum-made up as follows by the Petrograd correspondent of the *Times*" (*Westminster Gazette*). In short, like a good deal of war correspondence, some fiction!

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The original drawings of illustrations which have appeared in "Modern Life" are for sale. Prices on application to the Editor.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Whether Daisy Markham has yet written her tender sympathies to the Marquess of Northampton over his injured hand?

* * *

Where the King and Queen of the Belgians will live when they take up their semi-permanent residence in this country, pending the German evacuation of Belgium?

* * *

If they will go to live near King Manoel and Queen Augusta Victoria at Fulwell Park, or whether one of the Royal palaces will be placed at their disposal?

* * *

Whether the Bishop of St. Albans was invited to marry the Duke of Bedford's heir by the bridegroom or by the Duke? And whether his Lordship will ever again be welcomed at Woburn Abbey?

* * *

Whether it is not a fact that Lord Londesborough's youngest son, Hugo, on being wounded, was so smitten with one of the nurses that he refused to come home to be nursed, and whether it is not a fact that Lord Londesborough, in sheer desperation, went over to the Continent in order to save the situation—and a *mesalliance*?

* * *

Whether the Duke of York's School is not being desecrated by being made the headquarters for the soldiers who turn out slackers, and have to be kept under surveillance and discipline?

* * *

If Lord Roberts's unfinished letter to the British public containing a special appeal for recruits will be published?

* * *

She: "I wonder why the Germans always spell Culture with a 'K.'"

He: "The reason is obvious. It is because England has command of the C's."

The identity of the airman who flew over London at night and dropped a "dummy" bomb at Highgate in mistake for Buckingham Palace?

* * *

The exact cause of the present strained relationship between Lord Charles Beresford and the Home Secretary?

* * *

If Captain Robin Grey, of the Royal Flying Corps, was not greatly amused at finding himself referred to in the Berlin Press as "Colonel Grey, brother of Sir Edward Grey, K.G."?

How do all the pictures of soldiers' fiancées manage to get into the papers?

* * *

If it isn't just as well that Lord Northcliffe got his peerage some time ago, and if he would stand a thousand-to-one chance of being "honoured" by either side nowadays?

* * *

What Mr. Bottomley intends doing with that farthing?

* * *

Whether it is not a significant symptom of his state of mind that the Kaiser has once again succumbed to the telegram habit?

* * *

If Catholics are not delighted with Sir John French for having mentioned "John Ayscough" (Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew) in despatches?

* * *

If the Germans' shooting of Prince Nicholas Radziwill "by proxy" wasn't very nearly the limit?

* * *

Is it true that we are manufacturing 20,000 rifles per week, and is it enough?

* * *

Why the news of the alien outbreak in the Isle of Man was known in Liverpool and Manchester on Thursday night and in London not till the following Monday?

* * *

If the programme of "The Dynasts," at the Kingsway, three pages long, and with ninety-eight names of actors, doesn't constitute a record?

* * *

Who really wrote the illiterate Mr. De Wet's "Three Years' War"?

* * *

Whether the medical officer to the Isle of Man camp, where 3,300 prisoners are detained, was not "swanking" when he told the coroner that "on the day before the riot he ate the lunch which the other prisoners (*sic*) would not eat"?

* * *

Whether it will not need more than a pillar of salt to make us swallow the American yarn about the discovery of the rock that Moses smote in the wilderness?

TABLOID TOPICS.

"Enemy feeling the pinch."—*Daily News.*
And is still on the pinch.

* * *

The Germans are about to re-name the Battle of Flanders—"The Battle of Flounders."

* * *

The Kurds are fleeing in panic before the advancing Russians. Trying to get out of the whey.

* * *

"Our Boys" at the Vaudeville does not appear to be as great a success as our boys at the front.

* * *

"Charging the Runaway Germans," runs a headline. And we intend to make them pay the bill, too.

* * *

The British are "a little contemptible"—of Germany's silent mortar. Obviously it is an unsound weapon.

* * *

There is said to be a dearth of matches in Germany; but it is our Tommy Atkins who is really matchless.

* * *

The Prince of Wales has been gazetted A.D.C. to General French at the front. He thus makes A.D.C.-ent start.

* * *

German cruisers are reported to be hiding at Robinson Crusoe's island. Not at all an inappropriate place for De Foe.

* * *

We notice in the list of winning jockeys that A. Brace is credited with two. There *must* be something in a name, after all.

* * *

A stiff ration of grog is served out to German soldiers whenever there is a night assault. No wonder our boys call them a groggy lot.

* * *

Whatever happens to Germany it is very clear that the participation of the Sultan in the war means the Hundoing of the Turk.

* * *

Russian, French, Serbian, Montenegrin, Japanese and British subjects have been ordered to leave Dresden. The China ones still remain.

* * *

The riot in the Isle of Man was said by the rioters to be due to the fare they received. Evidently they forgot that all's "fare" in war.

* * *

Our soldiers complain that they get too much marmalade in the trenches. They should take heart, for the Jam of Nawanagar is on the way to them.

* * *

Wilfred Leigh, the tourist guide, who has just been convicted of stealing £500 from some Americans whom he conducted to Petrograd, appears to have led them by the nose.

* * *

The Kaiser is stated to have plans for invading the independent Principality of Monaco by means of the Mediterranean. No doubt he wants to earn renown by breaking the bank at Monte Carlo.

* * *

Edison boasts that by means of one of his latest inventions, a submarine can be made to stay under the water for a month. Our Jack Tars intend to make German submarines stay under water for ever.

THE KAISER'S PARTY.

(*With apologies to Hans Breitmann.*)

Der Kaiser gave a barty,
Vere is dot barty now?
Vere are the thousands confident
Who first began the row?
Vere are the Sherman sausages,
All "Made in Shermany,"
Vere are the big guns, vere the ships
That go under the sea?

Der Kaiser gave a barty
And said he long had meant
To rule a peaceful, smiling land
With innocent intent.
It was not *he* who wanted war,
He always cried for peace;
While this attainment to ensure
His armaments increase.

Der Kaiser gave a barty
And led a merry dance
Across the neutral Belgium
Right over into France.
For laws of nations, others' rights,
He did not care a curse:
With some big guns he won some fights
For better or for worse.

Der Kaiser gave a barty
And said, "Now I've begun
To civilise Europa's school,
And ain't it jolly fun
To see my 'Fliegers' dropping bombs
On towns and streets below;
Where women, aye, and children, too,
In fear of death must go."

Der Kaiser gave a barty
In Belgium's ravaged land,
He sent out invitations, too,
From France with his own hand.
He spread the news with boastful glee
That old-world time was up.
"The world's reformers, all must see,
Are Zeppelin and Krupp."

Der Kaiser gave a barty
"From Ostend to Warsaw,"
And cried: "See now, my Deutschers bold,
The world doth stand in awe
Of sausages and sauerkraut
And of the lager beer.
Sooner than meet us they'll turn out—
We fill their hearts with fear."

So the lager beer and sausages
Triumphant went their way,
With sauerkraut to back them up,
And fix the Deutschers' sway.
All clocks were set, that German time
Might mark the hand of Fate,
And warriors returning home
For church might not be late.

Der Kaiser gave a barty,
Vere is dot barty *now?*
The tide of battle turned at last—
He could not quite see how.
But France regained her provinces
And Belgium lived once more;
While of the Teuton ships were seen
Not one from shore to shore.
The sausage and the sauerkraut men
Had vanished out of sight,
Along with Krupp and Zeppelin
Into "die Ewigkeit."

R. C.

A TOUGH MORSEL.

A Tory newspaper complains that the new taxes lack originality. Certainly our countrymen have always made attacks on beer.

* * *

In its report of a charity performance, the *Observer* says: "Variety turns were provided by the Rev. ——." Juggling with words, perhaps?

The Berlin Press has issued the news that the Russians "are on the run." It omits, however, to mention which way they are running.

* * *

"Everywhere one comes across hundreds of recruits being put through their *faces*" (*Evening News*). But perhaps the operation isn't as painful as it sounds.

A GIRL IN A TRAIN.

The girl who had caught Godfrey Egerton's volatile fancy was apparently in some trouble at the platform wicket, and he would be unworthy of his reputation did he not succour beauty in distress. He had been aimlessly wandering about engaged in the unremunerative occupation of killing time, and had acquired a half-formed resolve to add this altogether attractive, neatly-clad nymph to his bag. In ambition, at all events, he was Don Juanesque supernal, and Daisies and Maisies and Lotties and Totties had fooled him to the top of his bent and a good distance down his pocket.

Much to the annoyance of his solid and forensically brilliant brother, who, a rising young barrister, literally made the most of his brief sojourn on this planet, Godfrey's father expostulated and paid up, arguing that he, as the *fons et origo* of a fool, was responsible for the rot that had set in. So the old gentleman settled the fool's debts, which included a quantity of breach of promise damages and costs.

Having said this much, dear reader, we will return to the Cannon Street Railway Station, and the contre temps at the wicket of Platform 5.

"Can I be of any assistance? There seems to be a hitch somewhere?"

Godfrey had glanced at a convenient advertising showcase, and knew that his neckgear was immaculately positioned.

Enter the ticket inspector.

"Miss here can't come up to the scratch with her ticket."

Godfrey regarded the man with disfavour. His humour was distinctly unofficial, and positively coarse. He turned to the divinity.

"You've parted company with your passport! Will you tell me your destination?"

A pair of roguish blue eyes looked into his.

"Croydon. It's very unfortunate, because ——"

"By Jove," Godfrey exclaimed. "How singular. Wait a moment. I am going to Croydon myself."

Although as a liar of the first magnitude he would have been invaluable to a certain nation now at war, he spoke the truth then. He did purpose going to Croydon. Thirty seconds before he had no such intention.

He barked his shins against a porter's trolley on his way to the booking-office, and returned with the requisite pieces of pasteboard.

"There, collector, now we are all right."

The man watched the two enter a first-class compartment, and then winked his eye. He knew a few things when they came his way.

* * * *

"It's really awfully kind of you to take such trouble over a perfect stranger."

They had the compartment to themselves, but the girl was not at all nervous or shy. Godfrey was glad—it made the road smoother.

"Strangers no longer, thank my lucky stars," said the young man softly, as he inclined his head forward to counteract the rattle of the train. "No gentleman would have acted differently."

She smiled. Godfrey's hopes went up the lift to come down with a bump.

"Still strangers," she continued. "On arrival at Croydon, where I take up a post as governess, we shall part, and be but as ships that have passed in the night. You may deem me somewhat bold in accepting your aid, but I am a person of modern cut, and do not hold with high-dried conventionalities. For too long has the unmarried girl been shackled."

Then, by inference, she was not wife to any man. The Divorce Court could go hang. There was a hum in the air that tenanted the carriage.

"Now, something tells me that you have travelled. Entertain me with a few of your experiences."

Godfrey had recently returned from a six months' stroll through the States, and wondered whether the savour of Delmonico's still clung to him. Of small talk and big talk he had an ammunition magazine always at hand, and the things that had occurred to him put the big hat on the adventures of Munchausen—who, by the way, it will be remembered, was a German.

The girl listened, occasionally interjecting a naive remark which, it sometimes occurred to Godfrey, had a "pulling of the leg" sound about it. This dainty creature, however, had no knowledge of spoofing, he decided.

The train slowed down for Croydon Station.

"At least you will permit me to escort you to—to—. Where did you say you were going?"

"I was about to ask you to do so. I am going to The Mount, two or three minutes' drive towards Purley. A carriage will be waiting for me."

"The Mount! Why ——"

"Precisely," said the girl. "It is the residence of Kingdon Egerton, your brother. He will, no doubt, like to see you."

"And ——"

"Again I anticipate you. Who are you? was the question on your lips. I am your sister-in-law, whom you have never seen until now. This is what comes of neglecting your nearest relatives. You knew that Kingdon had married while you were in America, and you have been a month at home without caring to make his wife's acquaintance. I saw you following me, and made up my mind to do something towards curing you of silly habits. I know your character, and, as you were pointed out to me when sitting in the stalls at Daly's last night, I knew you. The ticket I did not lose is here"—she drew it from her glove. "I've quite enjoyed your inventive powers, Brother Godfrey."

"Well," rejoined Godfrey moodily, "you said you were a governess. That was a dud statement."

"Not out-and-out," said the girl. "Anyhow, I hope I've taught you a lesson."

HAL VICKE.

THE SITUATION,

By Our Eye-Witness (in Fleet Street).

Now that a century has passed (reckoning in days) since the outbreak of the greatest conflict the world has ever seen, it will be well, perhaps, to take a resume of the general position.

It is clear that the Germans are making a final, desperate attempt to reach the coast, unless they have some other object in view, and one may perhaps be permitted to say (without embarrassment to the General Staff) that one of two things will happen.

Either they will succeed in their object or they will fail. As far as can be seen at present their movement is in a backward direction, except in the one or two instances where they have succeeded in advancing or remain stationary. But all goes to show that they are staking everything upon this last great throw. That is to say that unless they manage by hook or by crook to break through the Allies' line, they are utterly defeated unless they can bring up more reinforcements, in which case they will probably make another attempt.

Considerations of strategy forbid our saying more at present, but sufficient has been said to make it obvious that if the Germans have not lost, at any rate they have not won.

(Or, to put it more frankly—if brutally—that our Eye-Witness knows exactly as much about it as you, dear reader.—Ed. MODERN LIFE.)

JOHN CARLTON.

ROUGE AND RUFFLES.

Monsieur le Militaire.

What is there about a soldier, I wonder, that draws all feminine eyes? Just at present I know a khaki coat is the passport to every woman's favour, but long before the war a red coat set the tune to many a feminine heart. Is it what we see at all times behind the coat, I wonder—the lure of drums, the clash of arms, the jingle of steel, the romance of life, a glimpse of possible adventure such as could never befall the tail-coat of the civilian? I don't know. A woman is such an uncertain quantity that it becomes a scientific impossibility to measure her by this standard or by that. All that I do know is this—that the man in the soldier's coat is the man for every woman. You can't really blame him for knowing it either. Where knowledge is bliss it's folly to be ignorant. Soldiering seems all through the ages to have had a fascination for women. Only yesterday, reading in an old book of the adventures of a certain maréchal of France, I discovered therein a most touching love-letter addressed to him by a little nun whose convent he had passed riding through the streets of a small Portuguese town. "I only saw you riding past, and so lost the peace of my life," wrote this little veiled lady. One can imagine her wistfully gazing down day after day from her garden of pomegranates in that year of grace, 1664, watching for the return of a lover—for by some strange means he succeeded in being that—long after her hero had forgotten such a person as that little white-handed nun existed, for a man's love, whether he be ancient or modern, soldier or civilian, always seems to me to be a matter of awaiting an order to "fall out."

* * *

Eves in Counsel.

I think one of the greatest inflictions of the war is having to go to one of those afternoon parties where women sit round and knit things. Half-an-hour of undiluted feminine conversation makes me long to meet Robinson Crusoe on his island and have a split soda with him. I can't imagine why it is that women are so uninteresting when there is no man about to buck them up and make them preen their skirts and their conversation. It's not very flattering to the sex. Have you ever been to a dinner party and noticed the pall of depression that settles on the feminine portion of the guests, doomed to the drawing-room while the men linger over their cigars in the dining-room? A stranger entering the room might think there was a death in the house instead of only a dearth of men. I think it was Lord Illingworth who said that women were pictures. "If you want to know what she really means, look at her, don't listen to her." But there are pictures and pictures. I wouldn't like to look like an old master myself. And, honestly, I don't believe any man wants to look at a woman to see if she really means anything. It might compromise him, and in these breach of promise days it doesn't do to tell a woman you love her unless you're really sure of your facts. Disraeli used to contradict a woman at first and agree with her afterwards, so that she might afterwards be able to say she had converted him, but I wouldn't advise the average man to try it on. It takes a very clever man to fool a woman. Men are different. There isn't a sage, alive or dead, who at one time or other of his existence hasn't been fooled by something blue-eyed and silly in petticoats.

She: "Why do Highlanders wear kilts?"
He: "To tempt pretty girls to ask embarrassing questions."

* * *

A Hammock and Some Gardens.

Somebody has just sent me a very nice hammock all the way from Africa, if you please, "to hang in my garden." The pity about it is that, quite apart from the fact that this isn't exactly the time of year to dream away the hours in a hammock, I haven't a garden to hang it in. Gardens are expensive luxuries in town. I have always thought a garden should be within reach of everybody. There is something civilising about a garden. If the millionaires gave away free plots of ground instead of free libraries, I am sure we shouldn't hear so much about race degeneration. There is more virtue in planting cabbages, believe me, than in reading a snuffy old column by a military expert (late Sports Editor) in a stuffy room. I always represent the different world-things to myself as gardens. There is the garden of sleep, all mauve and grey; the garden of dreams, all rainbow butterflies and tremulous sweet peas; the garden of death, all lilies and silence; and the garden of love, all sunshine and red roses, but guarded by such a high wall that many people cannot even get a glimpse of it. Then there is the best garden of all, to my mind—the garden of friendship, full of shady walks and pleasant green things. It really seems a pity, when we come to think of it, that my hammock cannot be slung in one of these.

* * *

Love's Moments.

"Do you really believe," asked a girl, "what you wrote when you said somewhere that 'love by correspondence is bound to be as imperfect as any other foreign language learnt by such a method,' because if so——" she shrugged her shoulders, and I knew she was thinking of an absent man. It's hardly fair, is it, to fling my past remarks in my face? Life alters so from day to day that the point of view from which one looks at it must needs alter, too. But, as a matter of fact, I do still believe that absence from one person makes the heart grow fonder of another. And it is only right that this should be so. What Herrick called "Love's sweet cement" would end by being an awful nuisance if it glued two people together for life. Love, like everything else in life, should be taken in moderate quantities. A surfeit of passion would be just as uncomfortable as a surfeit of anything else. How much more sensible just to drift comfortably with the moment, knowing all the while the tide is bound to turn and flow another way, than to cling desperately to your moment like a raft. Life, after all, is a matter of moments, and when one passes there are always fifty-nine others.

LOUISE HEILGERS.

BY THE WAY.

General Sir Francis Lloyd, commanding the London District, is not only a charming personality, but a sterling soldier. Such a command is only possible to a man of independent means, and Sir Francis is very well off. He waited long for his chance, and I well remember him disconsolately remarking one day in 1897: "*I* shall never command 60,000 men." (He now commands at least twice that number). I replied: "Your chance will come next year, when Kitchener goes to Khartoum." I was right, and Lloyd followed up his distinguished service at Omdurman by some splendid work in the Boer War.

* * *

One of his staff told me an amusing story of manœuvres just before the present war. The men of a certain battalion had been picked out as "a casualty," "a prisoner," etc., so as to make the affair more realistic. At the word to fix bayonets, every man did so bar one. He said, "I'm very sorry, sir, but I'm dead. The major has just killed me."

* * *

In the States they are going one better than ourselves, 'twould seem, on the great drink question. An Illinois steel company is planning what it calls a "dry" campaign for its workers, and as they enter the factory a huge electric sign shouts at them, "Did Booze Ever Help You to Get a Good Job? Did Booze Ever Make Your Family Happier?" Pleasant, ain't it? I should smile.

Apropos, you may care to know that the homicide rate in the Land of the Free is the highest in all the civilised (?) world. Last year the number of murders in the Land of the Free was 6,500, and "many murders are called accidents." New York's murder rate is six times that of London, three times that of Berlin, and sixty per cent. greater than Paris! The worst city is Memphis, with 68 murders to 100,000 inhabitants. A little bird whispers something about the U.S. police being the most corrupt on God's earth, but ——!

* * *

"Race suicide," according to an eugenic friend, is really the only reason why France would have gone under but for Russia and England. It has taken France since 1871 to increase and multiply from 36,000,000 to less than 40,000,000, while Germany has in the same period advanced from 41,000,000 to 65,000,000. Such an alarming contrast certainly does give one furiously to think.

* * *

About three weeks ago I received a letter from Pierre Verrier, with whom I had the pleasure of making my first flying trip at Hendon, and he told me, among other interesting things, that he had received from someone in England—presumably a lady—a gold cigarette case enamelled with the picture of an aeroplane careering gaily through rose-pink clouds, with underneath the words, "He swoops to conquer." He is, of course, very pleased with the gift, but is entirely ignorant as to who has sent it to him. You see, the packet in which it arrived had been somewhat damaged in transit, and the card of the sender, if it had ever contained one, must have fallen out. The address does not help much, for it is typewritten, and simply bears the postmark "London." If the lady in question happens by any chance to read this paragraph, perhaps she would like to write to the gallant Frenchman, who is now lying wounded at Juvisy, near Paris—unless, of course, she desires to keep her identity a secret.

* * *

A certain very popular and charming English débutante—who has since blossomed forth into a duchess—once had the honour, or otherwise, of meeting the Crown Prince of Germany at Baden-Baden. Soon afterwards she wrote a letter to an old school friend full of enthusiastic praise of the hot-headed Prince, and finishing up her eulogy with the words: "I think he has the most taking ways of any man I have ever met." M-yes! "Taking" ways, he certainly has, as the Baroness Débanc still smarting under the loss of her wonderful collection of art treasures, will readily testify. I cannot help wondering if the Duchess is still of the same opinion, or if her admiration for "Pilfering Willie" has not undergone a violent change.

* * *

Eighteen months ago I happened to get into conversation with a German student from Heidelberg who was journeying up the Rhine on the same steamer as myself. Curiously enough, our talk drifted on to a comparison of the respective "culture" of my countrymen and his. He began by protesting that, in all matters of social refinement and artistic taste the

Retired General (in Service Club): "Confound it, sir! I don't *want* a drink after 10 o'clock, but am I expected to drink the King's victories in barley water?"

German took pre-eminence, "except when he was drunk," which, with a little tactful pressure, he admitted was "pretty often." Later on he told me the following story. On the occasion of one of the drunken orgies which take place so frequently among the university students, and at which he had been present, a fierce quarrel had broken out over some question connected with the international relationship existing between England and Germany. One of the students, whose mother happened to be an Englishwoman, and whose sympathies were entirely British, had at length been goaded to exclaim: "D'you think we're afraid of *you*, you lot of drunken swine? Why, you couldn't even shoot straight!" "Oh, couldn't we?" retorted a flushed and infuriated Teuton, and, whipping out a revolver, he turned and fired twice at a life-sized portrait of Queen Victoria, which hung upon the wall, each time piercing one of the eyes with his bullet. How does that strike you for "culture"?

* * *

I hear that they are beginning to issue all kinds of weird stamps at the front. Some are over-printed—surcharged, they call it—with the name of the force using them, while others are marked with some sort of Red Cross symbol. You can be quite sure that if anybody comes home with a complete set of the war stamps it will be the Prince of Wales. The King's eldest son is now fearfully keen on philately, and, so they say, he and his father occasionally arrange exchanges. The latter, of course, has one of the finest collections in the world, and has paid close on £2,000 for a couple of stamps. The Prince is less lavish with his money, but during the last year or so a good many pounds have gone into the pockets of the West End dealers. Two pounds, so they say, is his limit for any one stamp.

* * *

A friend who managed to get away from Germany a few days ago tells me a very significant change has come over the spirit of the Germans' dreams. At the beginning of the war they cried, "We shall win." Now they say, "We *must* win." There is a world of difference between these two little words.

* * *

Sir John French's latest despatch conveys to the student the best picture we have yet had of the difficulties and dangers our magnificent troops have been enduring in Flanders, and at last the veil has been lifted as to the actions of particular regiments. I hope this will be continued, but, in any case, I have a suggestion to make to London and provincial newspapers. Let the newspapers of every town which is the headquarters of a regiment carefully watch the doings of the troops with which it is particularly concerned. Being the recruiting centre, there should be no difficulty in such a town in gathering together letters written by soldiers to their friends and in obtaining full and complete lists of killed and wounded, and with this material something like a history of each regiment could be compiled for the use of future generations.

* * *

Messrs. Everett and Co. have sent me a copy of "Nursery Rhymes for Fighting Times" (price one shilling), which contains some clever parodies of well-known rhymes, written by Mr. Elphinstone Thorp, embellished by cleverer illustrations from the pen of G. A. Stevens, who needs no introduction to readers of this journal. The book contains more brains and humour to the square inch than any other war publication I have seen, and is altogether a notable shilling's worth.

THE TROPHY.

"Did the German seem cut up when you took his helmet?"
"Rather! He completely lost his head."

The Parliamentary Recruiting Committee have already done splendid work in securing recruits for the colours, and no doubt further good results will flow from their second series of coloured posters, which are now ready and may be obtained, post free, from 12, Downing Street. Probably the most effective is the picture of Lord Roberts with the wording, "He did his duty. Will you do yours?" Most artistic are a fine drawing by W. H. Caffyn, a couple of striking drawings by Lawson Wood, and a reproduction of the "Scrap of Paper."

* * *

Some people still seem to have an idea that the rival armies will "go into winter quarters," as in the days of yore. But this is not the least bit likely, partly on account of the enormous daily cost of keeping such vast armies in the field, and partly because a hot-and-strong winter campaign may help to bring about an Austro-German collapse in the spring or earlier. The most typical example of the "winter quarters" idea is afforded by Wellington's campaigns in Spain and Portugal, that great leader and the French facing each other from cantonments during the winters of 1808-9, 1809-10, 1810-11, 1811-12, and 1812-13. But the snow-bound Peninsular passes made this inevitable.

THE LOITERER.

Love not only laughs at locksmiths, but it giggles at almost anything.

* * *

Silence may be golden, but it never succeeds in borrowing half-a-sovereign.

IN STAGELAND.

I revisited Wyndham's the other night to see what Miss Hilda Moore makes of the character of Miriam in "Outcast"—surely the only "new and original" play produced since the war began that has survived. Miss Moore naturally gives a widely differing reading of the "outcast" one from that presented by Miss Ethel Levey, but a highly interesting study, all the same. Of people that count, H. H. Davies's well-written comedy contains even fewer characters than does "The Tyranny of Tears." In fact, "four acts, four characters" appears to have been the author's motto, and Gerald du Maurier, Grace Lane, and Arthur Wontner are all as admirable as ever.

* * *

A member of Jimmy Welch's company brings me a quite pretty and sporting story of the sportive James. It seems that Mr. Welch was heard to remark, "Well, things are bad. Anyhow, I had made a profit of fifteen hundred with 'When Knights were Bold,' and I mean to continue the run until that's all gone, whatever happens." Hear, hear!

* * *

"The Dynasts" at the Kingsway is a bit of a tough proposition. Thomas Hardy wrote it for the study, not for the stage, and here we get bits of it ranging from Trafalgar to the Peninsular campaigns and Waterloo. It can't be particularly cheap, either, with artists like Sydney Valentine (as Napoleon), Fredk. Ross (as "Kiss me, 'Ardy"), H. R. Hignett (Sir John Moore), Bert Thomas (Sir John Hope), Rutland Barrington (a boatman), and two Esmés, Beringer and Hubbard.

* * *

Henry Ainley is the "reader," who expounds to the audience what it's all about, and why Mr. Hardy wrote it. He is as handsome as ever, and his voice sounds very noble. His task is immeasurably the most difficult of anyone's in the long cast. Sydney Valentine's Napoleon is a fine bit of work, and the death of Nelson is also a moving scene. But the actual battles are *not* convincing, and they can't be on a stage so small.

* * *

After "The Cost" at the Vaudeville, "The Man who Stayed at Home" at the Royalty. But Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie state that this new recruiting play by Lechmere Worrall and Harold Terry—on the production whereof they decided in a big hurry—is not at all on lines of Mr. Temple Thurston's piece. It is odd that two plays by Louis N. Parker should have been "held up" by the war—"Disraeli" for the Royalty, and "David Copperfield" for His Majesty's.

* * *

My condolences to Mr. Hartley Manners, who was knocked down by a taxi in Panton Street (darkened streets, I suppose) and rather seriously injured. When Sir G. Alexander stages the comedy which he has accepted, Mr. Manners will have two pieces running in London, the other being the highly successful "Peg o' My Heart."

* * *

At Manchester on Monday, Miss Evelyn Millard tried a war sketch, which later she will bring to London. In it she plays a Red Cross nurse; John Treashar, a German officer; and George Tawde, a Tommy. The Mancunians were delighted with this topical playlet.

* * *

For all its magnificence and consummate artistry, "Henry IV. (Part I.)" is not destined to last long. Sir H. B. Tree now announces that on Christmas Eve he will stage the long-promised version of "Copperfield," in which he himself is to double the rôles of Micawber and old Peggotty. By all accounts, it will be the best version of Dickens's masterpiece ever attempted to be put on our stage.

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OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

He: "Won't you give me just one kiss before I go?"
She: "And if I give you just one will you be satisfied?"
He: "Yes, darling."
She: "Then you won't get it."

* * *

FROM THE FEMININE STANDPOINT.

Ethel (from the motor): "What is the trouble, Harry?"
Harry (from beneath it): "I'm afraid the boiler's burnt out."
Ethel: "Well, never mind. It doesn't show, does it?"

* * *

FOOLISH GIRL.

"I wish," she sighed, "that I could see myself as others see me."
"Gracious," replied her fond friend, "why aren't you satisfied to let well alone?"

* * *

Mr. Dudds: Why do you always stand before the mirror while dressing?
Mrs. Dudds: To see what is going on, of course!
—*Puck.*

* * *

BETWEEN FRIENDS.

Mrs. Gaily: That horrid Mrs. Weatherby even hinted that I am indebted to the druggist for my complexion.
Mrs. Fairly: The mean thing! I know positively that you always pay cash.
—*Judge.*

* * *

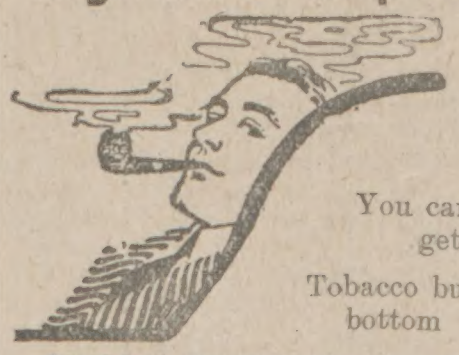
RIGHT ON HER JOB.

Huggins: They tell me Mrs. Henpeck is a neat and tidy housekeeper.
Guggins: Why, yes; her husband can't even drop a remark at home but what she picks it up immediately.
—*Springfield Union.*

THE PATRIOTS.

Band Conductor: "Ein, zwei, drei"——
Band (mournfully): "Rule, Britannia"——
—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Ingham's Improved British Pipes.



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